



HALLMARKS OF HARPETH HALL

SPRING 1967

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HALLMARKS

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OCTOBER 23

Jenny Tippens, '68

Wet day.
The rocks are smoother than before
with the water on them
And the yard is not pleasant
but it looks pleasant—
the grass does.
And some of the trees look very
dreary and bleak
But some are freshened
And the evergreens stand out from the regular
trees
like some people do.

But I like rain.
Its mood is very uncertain
and melancholy
sort of reflective
Like trying to think of what it reminds you of
and all you remember is a mood
but that isn't enough and you know
you've felt like this before but you
don't know when.

And I think I'll walk by the rocks today
Perhaps.
I like to walk in the rain
especially within view of the waves
From up on the rocks
Down Down Down to the waves
that crash and pound
crash pound
crash pound
pound

SOMEDAY

Rachel Steele, '70

Someday,
This aching pain will make way
For elated feelings of sheer ecstasy,
And these stinging tears
Will yield to drops of joy;
The hollow bells will cease their endless tolling,
And my heart will echo
The jingle of wind-stirred chimes;
And from the rain-streaked earth
Will spring golden blooms of happiness
. . . Someday.

CLOUDS

Elizabeth Partee, '69

Midnight clouds rushing
Across the moon
Transforming the white light
To blurred and moody gray—
Were you created only for yourself
Or do you reflect my thoughts?

UNTITLED NO. 6

Lil Dobson, '67

Here we are—
Laughing,
Comfortable,
Hand in hand,
Posed in a tarnished silver frame.

GUPPIES

Dorothy Keenan, '70

He was retarded I think, not much,
but a little.
When he quit his job, our neighbor gave
him some guppies.
I went out with my mother when she brought
him his last check.
I felt sorry for him, he was just
a poor colored boy.
He held his guppies in a jar full
of dirty water.
They were very small, I knew they wouldn't
live very long;
but for his sake I hoped they would.
He looked at the tiny creatures and he
smiled at them.
I had never seen anyone so proud of
so little.
He took his check and drove off,
his guppies in his lap.
Tears filled my eyes for I had nothing that made
me as
proud as those simple guppies made him.
I never saw him again but you'd be surprised to
know
how often I think of those few humble guppies.

CLOSE THE GATE BEHIND YOU

Sheri Anglea, '70

Come in, husband,
close the gate behind you.
Now, dear husband,
bid me hello.
Tell me of your day in the field.
Are the crops growing tall?
Tell me of your work in the barn.
Has the colt been born?
Was he standing when you
saw him?
Good, Good.

Did you talk with Jim
today?
He's so fine and mixes
with poor folks like us.
What'd he have to say?
Do they need many men?
Are you going with Jim
and the others?
Take care then, husband,
I love you and I always will.
Here, here's a picture of me.
It wasn't painted well, though.
Take it with you and keep it
wherever you are.

I kiss you goodbye, husband.
Come home soon. I will be waitin'.
The Alamo isn't far away.
Oh, and husband dear,
when you do come back,
Be sure to close the gate behind you.

THE DISENCHANTED DISCOTHEQUE

Faith Horner, '67

More eleven o'clock than ten we come . . .
We come expecting or more likely demanding
An excess of stimulant to make us happy.

Than what? Happier
Than what?
Than we were and than we will be?
Both and neither.
For those who play with artificial happiness
Also glory in makeshift sadness.
The terms are not real.



the trip*

Cynthia Stow, '67

In protest to the almighty immortal gods
and to the ordered senate of the world
I sit in simmering seclusion
and plan the ruin of the world
(in my way, in my depraved, corrupt way).

And I shun those who cast me down;
They are most inconsequential, irrelevant, and
otherwise unnecessary
(i claim in my pleonastic way);
And i crouch in the covert nook of the shattered
crystal wall
and rot into the humus,
killing the grass that sprouts around.

I visit my subterranean hero, well-sung,
unstrung,
sitting on his velvet throne in the midst of
swirling bats,
Who advises me as to the mutations of time,
the non-existing Eden, and 115 delusions of
grandeur.
Then with his magic wand he transforms me
Into a prodigy,
and Me, super, I fly with the sunshine.

*First printed in the Nashville Magazine, April, 1967.

THE CALL TO WORSHIP

Becky Osborn, '67

*With fiery crosses and solemn faces
We walked softly across the barren land,
Serious in purpose, deep in thought.
Out of a nearby wood, danced
The demons with shouts of gleeful indulgence,
Evil in purpose, never a frown.
I closed my eyes to hide the burning
Gleam of my mind, but desire so
Overcame me that I let forth
A native yell.
Stripping off the humble cloak of the righteous,
I engaged in revelry, thrilled by
My nude actions, unveiled and true.
Drinking in sin my lungs
Consumed that delightful filthiness
Which permeated the atmosphere.
Locking hands with my new found loves
We danced in primitive gyrations
And let the lust sink through
Our skin. With wild eyes
And shaking bodies, we leapt
Into the sun and fell naked
Laughing on the earth.
With such quivering emotion we
Took the key and let our
Pent-up modesty go falling
With our souls upon the ground
Stomping upon them with muddy, bare feet.
Letting the wind mess my hair
I threw open my arms
Letting go of all pretense.
I wallowed in the mud, glad
To see the ooze engulf my fears,
And when I saw that all was good
I spread my gospel to the rest.
Cursing God and caring not,
We caroused about the countryside
Converting others to our unboundless giggles.

Our hearts extolled the sin of man,
And how we plunged into the
Fullest pit. Trespassing boundaries,
Encroaching untouched property
I lead debauchery into new lands,
Until the parrots begin to live my
Way to the fullest of their might.
I smeared myself with waste of men
And loved. I raced my disciples
Up the hill and there I stood
At top. My mind was poised in
Thought about the happiness to come.

But lo, a bell was tolling.

Kicking furiously, I clapped my hands
Over my ears, but what I tried to do,*

*I could not. The constant ringing of
That bell replaced the beating of my
Heart, and all that I could hear
Was ding-dong-ding-dong-ding-dong-ding.
Drawn as if by puppet strings, I
Walked entranced to the distant
City, stopping only once to
Retrieve a wrinkled cloak.*

SINGULAR VOID

Anne Sanders, '68

*So void of love, his heart's as empty as
The hour prior to dawn, and twice as cold.
In place of love, there is a wide crevasse
Where surges now a hatred uncontrolled.
Concealed behind his placid face, rage storms
Of fearful scorn; he does not want their bland
And superficial love. Enraged he scorns
The world for its neglect to understand.
And so he builds himself a mighty shell—
A shelter from the evil outside world;
Together strongly held by love of self
And anchored down by hatred of the world.*

EYEHOLE

Coco Dale, '67

*I can see out, but not in.
You can see in, but not out.
How can we communicate
When we are only
Eyeholes in a cardboard wall.*

THE BRIEFCASE

Peggy McLain, '69

*Sing a song of battles,
A briefcase full of lies.
A hundred thousand soldiers,
Preparing now to die.
When the briefcase's empty,
And people see the light,
They'll bury all the soldiers,
Pretending it was right.*

FRANCONIA NETCH

Anne Beach, '68

*The quiet old valley is troubled at heart
As muffled word draws near—
The state has made a great new plan
And progress is finally here.*

*Here comes the man in his clean work clothes
He swears and spits at the earth.
Mechanical fingers work the controls.
What will it all be worth?*

*Great monsters gulp the blackened dirt
And swallow jagged cliffs.
A super six-lane highway here
Will give the place a lift.*

*"Don't worry, friends, we'll do no harm
To the beauty of this ground."
And then he smiles and gazes up
As the Stone Face tumbles down.*

*Oh, People, why just laugh and watch?
Why will you make no plea?
"Why, don't you see with this great road
How rich we all will be?"*

QUARREL

Jenny Tippens, '68

*The waves are lapping down my sand castle.
It's half gone now.
Shall I build it back, or
Sit here and watch it turn into
Just another square foot of beach?*

A DEPARTURE

Paula Whitson, '69

*It was a red, white and blue
relationship.
And even though I could tell
we were playing,
I was still hung up.
I don't think you knew though
because when it was over I
tried hard to act cool and
made sure you were listening
as I went off whistling
"God Bless America"
which can go to hell.
And I didn't stop till you
were too far away
to catch on.*

SHE SAT THERE

Janice Farringer, '67

*She sat there
We, our calm stiff eyes seeing nothing,
watched.
A word;
two
Black torrent in a hating sheet of white
Scratching, mauling . . .
It is good to bleed a soul, they say.*

EMPATHY

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*Will your throat be aching still, little friend,
With blinked back, swallowed tears
This time tomorrow?
When will your disappointment
Weather
Soak in
Become as part of you
As sleep and pencils,
Milk and buttons?
And when this ache passes
—as pass it will
though soon or late—
How long will you get
How long will it give you
Absorbition time
Before the next disallusionment comes to
Squat in its
Accustomed place
Behind the eyes?*

FRUSTRATION

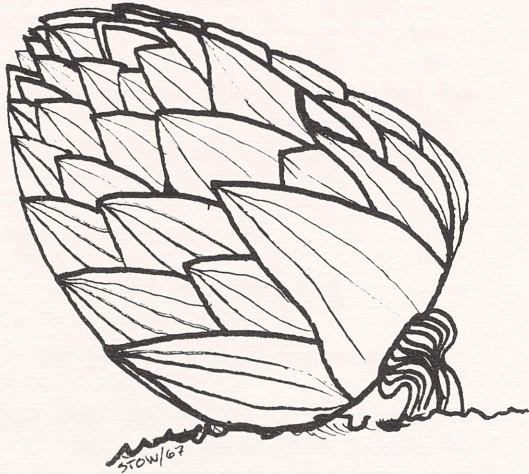
Fondé Thompson, '68

*That was the first night. Great!
Both, free and seeking, they laughed.
But now, is he clawing back,
Remembering his hurt, the girl before?
Unconscious of the tears of now,
Is he indifferent to the opportunity for
Happiness?
Should she wait until he realizes
That love is not a casual joy
To throw and catch,
Or drop
When arms are tired?
Is all in fun? She asks.
Be patient? Why?*

IN THE HEART OF AN ARTICHOKE

Anne Paine, '67

*We rolled playfully on the
smooth
steamy
pricking our nude bodies painlessly
the green coloring us
as we laughing stuck our toes in the cushioned sides
squishing the soft slime between our toes
Which we kicked off, giggling at the ...
We Met.*



GAMES OF THE MOON

Mary Sanford, '70

The soft radiant glow of the moon covered the quiet street in an exquisite fairy-land light. The wind began to blow softly and toss the leaves into miniature whirlwinds. There was a soft rustle at the window. The child woke up. Her dream had not been a pleasant one so she didn't mind. Slowly she rose from her bed and crept to the open window. Seeing the soft moon-lit street the child's eyes glowed with excitement, a magic wonderland of beauty and luxury lay at her feet and she was a queen. The wind picked up with her excitement racing until her head was pounding. The wind whipped in all around her as if beckoning her to follow it. The wind now very strong almost lifted her off her feet. I can fly she thought as she sailed out the window.

A rattle of cans was all the old woman heard. As she looked out her window she could see in the cold, dark alley the lifeless body of a small child. The old woman shook her head knowingly, I told the child to stop her games. Then she turned away and slipped into the cruel darkness.

EXHIBITION NUMBER ONE

Paula Whitson, '69

*I walked down the street
with my jaw set.
Being careful not to hurry,
yet
worried.
And my eye looked ahead
to the end.
A picture in a frame,
open to all,
but only there for the
benefit of True Art Lovers.
And once at the end I
got off the wall,
dispensed with my name,
and assumed my place
with a sigh in the front
row of the mass,
furtively craning my neck
round the corner to see
if anyone noticed.*

GRASS

Lynda LeRoue, '70

*Grass swaying with the breeze,
Grass—soft, rough
—stepped on
—cut down
The weeds, removed.*

NO APPLES

Dorothy Keenan, '70

*The snow has made all of your branches break
off,
you desolate tree.
I used to climb up high and sit on the branch
that
is being hauled away.
We picked your apples, although they were
green,
and I liked to peel your bark.
My grandfather planted you long ago;
but age is no defense against the cold.
You were strong and your branches would not
bend.
That proved your downfall; you never learned
to yield.
Soon you will only be a stump,
left all alone.
There won't be any apples this spring.*

CYNIC

Betsy Campbell, '68

*If you say you're a prince
With ten-thousand dragons
Or a fire-eating juggler
On a cloud,
Or if you tell me I'm a
Fair-haired maiden
And you'll carry me away to Siam,
I'll believe you.
I'll know the earth is square
If you say it's true
And the sun will go out
When I die.
But if ever you try to tell me you love me,
I'll know for sure,
You lie.*

THE TEAPARTY

Lil Dobson, '67

*The ladies trimmed and masked
On cramped feet do their tasks.
They prattle and chatter
As teacups clatter,
Not seeing the world shatter,
Drowning in their little china cups.*

FUTILITY

Connie Horn, '67

*A gray cloak of evening had shrouded
the soot which cling to the rooftops
of the grimy tenements
and to the smokestacks
which belched futility
into chaos.*

*Red lights flashing
from second and third story windows,
blackened with
a greasy charcoal veil from the world without,
and within.*

*Rivulets of wet filth,
matted rubbish from months ago,
left to rot.*

*As we rose on silver wings
Into a deep, dark velvet,
Void of space, and time, and thought
And sprinkled with stars that seemed to wink,
We glanced below us.
There, as though untouched by human hands,
A mirage of rubies, emeralds, and sapphires
Twinkled along the avenues of the neon world
We had left behind.*

*The tiny headlights lighted paths
Along the diamond-bordered avenues.
The sparkling stars which loomed ahead of us,
The twinkling splendor below.*

ABINGDON, VIRGINIA

Lynn Stevenson, '67

*The Friendly Chapel Church of Christ
In Abingdon, Virginia
Asks everyone to join with them
To praise the cotton crop this year.
Though God was good to cotton here,
The people rot in stilted ways.
From birth to death the rut is set
And each sinks deep within the path.
Conventional as Abingdon.
A prayer tonight for Abingdon
For users of a cotton God,
A soft God who is picked by them,
In cotton season picked by them,
In Abingdon, Virginia.*

THE LOFT

Susu Wilson, '67

*In the gloom,
Dusk at midday,
Tousled golden heaps
Non-adhesive
All over the floor
Yielding, enclosing safe
Yielding but baring no trace,
Fantastical, bright, beckoning,
Seductive . . .
Yet cool.*

*Thoughts of Heath bars and darts,
Snowflakes, hands, Gamov.*

*NO
Return to real.
Let it lie, let it lie
Golden bright,
Always cold.*

INSANITY

Lynn Stevenson, '67

*"Birds of a flock feather together . . .
Together flock birds feather . . .
Feathers of a flock, bird together . . ."*

"Try it once more."

"Birds of a feather flock together."

*"Alright good, now go and sit
With the others who know."*

á la e. e.

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*an
i tell you man that
all your
Cool
is blown man blown tohell by
one
single
red bud
bud .*

DEFENSE

Janice Farringer, '67

*She was unknowing, wide-eyed, innocent.
She couldn't fend off threats.
A child cannot know jealousy.
A laugh at earnest struggle
Hate in side-ways looks
Coolness, disinterest
One soul smothered.*

HIDE-AND-SEEK

Linde Bracey, '70

The hot breeze was blowing at intervals as we started our hide-and-seek game. We were all shrieking with delight and jumping around in the darkness while we counted hands to be "it". I was so relieved not be "it" that I could feel my heart thump once extra as I brushed my hair from my damp forehead with my clammy hands. Our shrieks grew to a roar; the skinny one was "it". The buzz of her voice as she counted aloud covered the noise made by the rest of us as we scampered away to hide. One giggled when she rustled the bushes next to the house. Another lay flat under the car, throwing tiny pebbles around him. My heart hopped right into my throat, and I panicked when I realized I had nowhere to hide; but I soon wiggled into the doghouse with the rest of my snickering accomplices. Before long, the sharp, pungent odor of cedar shavings nearly choked me. I broke out of my jail and ran for home base. My cry of "Home Free" rang throughout the neighborhood, and my triumphant laughter filled the air.

PARTICLE

Anne Sanders, '68

*A tiny particle of sand
falling, falling down
Through the hourglass
To join the countless others
fallen and forgotten. . . .*

THE LAST MISUNDERSTOOD MINORITY

Jenny Tippens, '68

No one has ever written a social treatise on the deep-down-goodness of snobs. Everyone talks about other depressed, deprived, misunderstood minorities, like the American Indians, Negroes, or slum dwellers. I have taken upon myself this challenge, and I now stand on the principles of equal rights and talking time.

The snob is never defended. And talk about "misunderstood"! Where would this country be without its snobs, I ask you. This one group has been forever spurned without hope for amnesty. Just think: Every group that is now considered essentially-good-but-unfortunate was at one time detested. But the snob has always been detested, and with no hope for future recognition.

Where would the oil industry be without Rockefellers? Stocks, without Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, and Smith? Money can't be all bad. National prosperity has come out of something.

Therefore, I have hereby, hitherto, and heretofore decided to dedicate my life to the elevation of the social status of my favorite minority. I don't know what effect this will have on anything; I don't think I'll be able to channel the mainstream of American thought, but trying should be an interesting experience.

SO SNOB-LOVERS, UNITE!

Be strong and wait for the day upon which we will be led into the glistening sunset by our leader, Amy Vanderbilt, to that great Chase Manhattan in the sky.

ONLY A PARTY

Dorothy Keenan, '70

No, I wasn't invited,
but I don't mind.
I couldn't care less,
it was only a party.
Where am I going?
Oh, home I suppose.
Besides, I wouldn't have been
able to come anyway.
I'll be busy that night;
I have to baby-sit.
Who for? I don't know,
but I couldn't have come anyway.



NO. 69

Judy Dustin, '69

*My vision focused upon the outline of my hands
as my reason flitted helplessly fro one petal
of thought to another.*

*Wearily I closed my eyes, tight, to drive out all
intruding objectives and earnestly try to en-
fold my muddled thought in the chiffon net
of my mind.*

*As my hand's disfigured outline became distinc-
tive, I became aware;
startled I looked up and our eyes met; but only
for an instant.*

*Your steady gaze confused me, and I shifted
uneasily on the window sill.*

*Again I sought for the control of my senses and
became aware; fear engulfed me as I felt
myself sway tediously on the edge and in des-
peration I reached out,*

but there was no one: No one but you.

*Once in your arms, reality flooded my mind and
I realized my window-sill was merely a chair.*

*You smiled tenderly, your eyes warm with un-
derstanding and your reason a stronghold of
strength.*

How am I evil and WHY are you good?

*I HATE YOU! Your honesty causes my flesh
to crawl*

with tingling sensation: Unpleasant sensations.

Your presence confused me!

*Concentrating I again stare at my hands until
my attention*

*is drawn away by something dripping. The
scorching liquid*

leisurely falls on my hands, filling the pores.

You seem unconcerned. WHY?

My pores filled, I awaken and looking up

I see the last of the wax melt from your mask.

BAR HARBOR ETERNITY

Anne Beach, '68

TIME: Anytime

PLACE: Somewhere along the Maine coast; horizontal brown shale cliffs stretch along the coast and descend like steps into the sea. The day is so grey and dismal that the horizon between sea and sky cannot be distinguished. The howling wind drowns every sound but the cries of the sea-gulls and the thunderous crashing of the waves. It is late afternoon.

An old man is hunched on a tall projection of rock, staring silently at the sea. He seems to have been here for some time. He has a grisly beard and disheveled white hair, and his clothes are torn and unkempt; he seems weary. A little boy, aged about ten, appears in the distance; he is agilely running about the cliffs and tossing bits of bread to the sea-gulls. He seems oblivious of the presence of the old man; he turns and rushes into the sea to play in the waves.

The old man, suddenly rising to his feet as if aroused from a trance: "Wait, boy! Come back!"

The little boy turns and stares at the old man, but hesitates.

Old man: "Come here, I say. I've been expecting you."

The little boy makes his way back up among the rocks and stands near the old man. The old man sits down and motions for the boy to do the same.

The boy, settling himself on a stone:

"What did you call me up here for, old man?"

I'm sure I've never seen you here before . . .

You said you were just waiting for me, too."

Old man, shaking his head and staring off at the sea:

"I've known that you were coming for some time. (pause)

Just look at how those waves come crashin' in.

And mind you, they don't plan to ever stop

Their crashin' . . . No, I guess they'll g'won like that

Forever. . . ." (long silence)

Little boy: "Well, is that all you called me up here for?"

Old man, starting:

"I meant to tell you not to plunge so fast

Into that sea out there . . . the water's deep

And changing with the tide. You're safe to go

In gradual."

Little boy: "But I was careful, y'know."

(pause) Then, looking curiously at the old man:

"I bet you been around the sea a lot.

You're kinda strange, like you know more than most

The other folks I know. You traveled much?"

Old man: "I've been to many places far away, But those you'll see for yourself in your own day"

Little boy: "You're strange to sit here staring at the sea.

You see those gulls? I bet they wonder, too,

Why you just sit like that."

Old man: "I think they know."

Little boy, tossing breadcrumbs to the seagulls:

"What's there about you that you say they know?"

Old man: "That I'm just waiting."

(pause) Then, pointing to the gulls:

"Just look at them take off across the sea."

Little boy: "Do you know where they're going?"

Old man, smiling: "No, only they know; but I'm not so sure

That even they know. See, they have a place

In mind, but they just wander round not sure

Just where it's at, till suddenly they know,

And fly there like they'd known where all along.

But no one knows just why."

Little boy: "Now they've all gone.

The tide is over halfway in, I think.

When it's reached high these rocks right here will be

All under. Then we'll just move back a bit.

The waves are getting mighty big, but they

Don't scare me. Where do all the waves come from?"

Old man: "Could be a mile, or twenty miles away,

Or even far around earth's other side—

You see, nobody knows."

Little boy: "I wish I knew. Someday I will find out.

Someday. And I'll learn what it's like beneath

The sea—deep down, I mean, where monsters live,

And it's so black I bet the fish can't see.

Do you know what it's like down there, old man?"

Old Man: "Nobody knows. They think they're going to know—

They have great plans for learning all about

The sea, the earth, the sky—the universe.

And if they think this can be done, how wrong,

How blind they are. How fortunate. Life still

Will be worthwhile as long as man believes

That he can learn all that there is to know."

Little boy, standing up:

"The things you say are strange—why do you tell

Them all to me?"

Old man: "My son, because I must."

(The waves begin to splash over their heads, drenching them.)

Now go. The waves have come at last and you
Must hurry. Soon this seat of stone will be
An island, sealed from life by restless sea."

Little boy: "I'll go, but you must also come!
Why do

You sit there? Hurry!"

Old man: "No, I have to stay."

"Now go, I say, and don't look back at all.

But hurry forward carefully! Good-by!"

Little boy: "Good-by, old man!"

He makes his way up the cliffs to dry safety, and
turns back, but the old man is gone.

FINIS

SNOW PATHS

Elizabeth Partee, '69

*Snow paths of summers before
Lead the way to realms of
Dreams; they wait like silent
Railways guarding the secrets of
Time. I stand in awe and
Watch the wind make rippling
Waves across the fields; and I
Wonder: whose was the first foot to
Scurry past this way, and what
Place was this man going?
Was he young or old, and what
Purpose was in his mind?
Did he go this way more
Times than once, and did he
Know there would be a path where he trod?
Did he stop, I wonder, to
See this beauty, or did his
Mind rush on, contrary to dreams?*

DECEMBER'S PEACE

Sheri Anglea, '70

*Cold, eery, dead—
December's song.
No moon, just gray
December's face.
Leafless maple, bare brown oak,
gnarled and twisted—
December's hands.
Deep snow, whining wind,
frozen earth—
December's whisper,
December's peace.*



HIAWATHA'S SONG II

Coco Dale, '67

*And the rains came. . . .
All of Nature's little critters
Hid beneath the earth and bushes;
All the furry, scaly, slimy,
All the frightened, feathered folk
Scrambled, fluttered, crawled for cover.
Peered from under blowing branches,
Covered 'neath the hollow log,
Shivered in their clammy coldness.
While a two-legged, upright, calculating beast
Strode over the greens and neat cement squares
Fending the white, jagged lightning bolts
With an umbrella.*

MOONFUL

NOVEMBER, 9:32 P.M.

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*A leaf rattles bare on the pavement,
A wind blows cold in a culvert—
The winter's second snowfall,
Just begun,
Brittles the grass,
And makes gritty the wall-top
Like fine broken glass.*

NICE DAY

Mary Alice Bray, '67

*Nice day,
Don't ever remember a day as nice:
Covered sky, calm sea, cool wind.
But don't you remember last May
When we saw the sun appear from nowhere
And light up that island; you could
See where every speck of sun landed;
And the sea was so . . .
So foamy, yes I remember,
Like washing machine suds.
But don't you remember how big the
Waves were and how they crashed
Against the rock.
Yes, ruined the lobster trap.
And the air was so tangible . . .
Seemed hot to me.
And the grass . . .
Too wet for my taste.
And trees . . .
Too thick
And the . . .
Too blue.
It was perfect last May.
It was just a day.*

GOODBYE

Mary Pickens, '67

*She watches the hand that reaches toward her
own;
The eyes, flashing blue, contact cold grey
And fill the void between the two.
He smells of leather, brass polish—
A kiss in the shadow of sad windows.
In the night an owl,
As the moon passes by a lonely terminal,
Howls.*

undercover

Cynthia Stow, '67

*i feel like stoppin th hands
of th clock of time
so that what we're doin now
won't have been done in reality
(it'll all be just a fig of th mind)—
i'm askin you what that lil window is
up there above this bed
an you say it's your private escapeway
to heaven
cos they told you ya wouldn't get to heaven
so you built your own way there—
but don't ya see kid that there ain't a heaven
cos th hands of th clock of time
won't stop for you an me—
they just keep on pushin this messy world
around
as th yellow flowers spin weirdly
with th rollin good-times in th cool pit of
my mind*

AFTERMATH

Betsy Campbell, '68

*Crushed roses, grimy gloves thrown on a chair:
Reminders of the swirling, blinding mist
Of giddy, happy nights. Fond starlight kissed
Soft smiling lips and gleamed on satin hair.
Low music floating smoothly through crisp air;
Black velvet wrapped an unreal world of bliss,
A champagne world, where nothing was amiss.
Were not love and young beauty everywhere?
Forever, this must be—it does not end,
But where are wretched failures caked with
dust?
When sparkling champagne's gone, then comes
the fears.
Determined butterflies always defend
The dream they know is real and cry they must
Be off, and leave us in our pool of tears.*



AGAINST GRAY SKIES

Carolyn Weesner, '68

*Against gray skies one sees a tree,
Its stark, bare branches raised to see
If pity ever can be found
In cities crowded all around
With masses yearning to be free.*

*If pity anywhere there be,
It's hard to find, as on his knee
He begs for help; his cry is drowned
Against gray skies.*

*His cry rings out, but people flee,
And there is none to hear his plea,
And so he dies. The cause is found.
A bullet wound. Some heard its sound,
But none would help. So saw the tree
Against gray skies.*

THE HAPPINESS-MAKER

Elizabeth Partee, '69

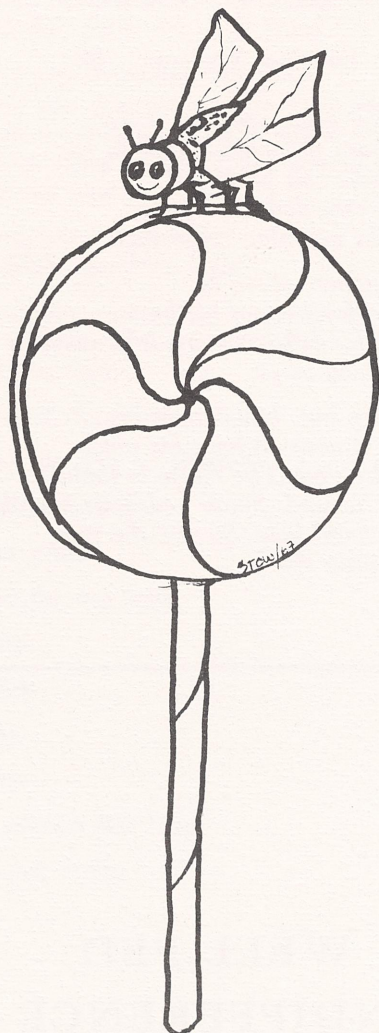
*Foolish masquerader of the world are you,
Entrapping many, bypassing few.
Your winsome, cocky face shines
More radiantly perhaps than others.
Behind you tramp hoards of newly
Found friends, servile in their
Peculiar, brazen way. And from the
Side there watch many others,
Some annoyed, some envious, some
Undecided.
They will soon follow.
Eyes glazed, they already envision
Happiness. Your cool and gaudy spectacle
Attracts the eyes, but is spurned by the mind.
They are not thinking; they will
Follow.*

WELL-FED INDIFFERENCE

Allison Hammond, '68

*The drizzling darkness weighted all who walked
In depths of silent black and shadowy gloom.
Between abandoned buildings night hawks
stalked;
Above the muffled silence hung the moon.
A thousand men with undetermined face,
Devoid of feature, reason, and of cause,
Perused decayed, familiar haunt and place.
Amid corroding creativity—a pause
To fret about their own rich food and drink,
That chews and eats all passion from the soul.
Their bellies, fat and full, absurdly think—
Small parts are not important to the whole.*

*As pregnant mothers scream to curse their birth,
A billion bastard children eat the earth.*



THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH

Mary Pickens, '67

*I love you;
You are all that's kind and caring;
You and your sunshine eyes
And everlasting smile;
You are the stick with the lolly on the end—
Your candy-coating outside is like fly paper
And I am the fly.*

MERRY-GO-ROUND

Judy Quinn, '69

*Tails wave and teeth flash.
Amid colors and laughter.
Up hooves and off we dash,
Only to descend after.*

*Round and round while music screams,
So fast to suit the bobbing teams.
Waving hands proclaim delightment.
To each there comes a new excitement.*

*Comes the lull.
The funny old man pulls a lever.
But don't expect it to be dull;
The merry-go-round goes on forever.*

CONQUEST OF A SATURDAY MORNING

Jenny Tippens, '68

*He rode upon a spangled steed.
The herald for him rang.
And there shown forth a growing need
For gas in his mustang.*

*The morning held a bleakness black
Portending certain pain
For bold and pure, right, just and good
To sally forth again.*

*"Oh dast not grieve, my own true love,
And light no taper long!
For I'll return before the dusk
With 'Yale Boola' my song."*

*This self assuring manner was
A comfort to his mother.
And she had always reckoned that
Of course there was no other.*

*But valiant, handsome youths do not
Abound in purity.
He had another love I vow:
Yale University.*

*So to his graying mum he said
Adieu, with less than glee,
And out he ventured, pen in hand,
To face P.S.A.T.*

PURSUIT

Rachel Steele, '70

"Meo-o-ow", Kitty whined from outside the back door, scratching urgently on the screen. Cautiously, I opened the door a crack and peered out into the dark night. With a sudden rush, she leaped inside and scuttled down the hall. As she turned the corner I saw her prize, a dead rat dangling from her mouth. I crept around the corner and discovered her in the far corner with her prey displayed at her feet like a rag doll minus the stuffings. Kitty stared at me with both pride and suspicion in her look. As I stealthily advanced, I could see her muscles tighten. Pouncing, I grabbed for the rat, but she was too quick for me. She snatched up the lifeless corpse and scampered under the bed before I could gather my wits. Recovering, I dropped to my knees and lifting up the bedspread, I scanned the dusty darkness for her. Two bright green eyes glared wildly at me, but shrank back as I slid toward them on my stomach. Hissing and snarling, she retired farther and farther, eating on the rat all the way. Her cold claws raked my arms as I made one more futile grasp. Helplessly I watched as she devoured her prey. The last thing I saw of it was a long, grey tail hanging from her mouth.

THE HEAT

Coco Dale, '67

The heat! The heat!
 Oh, the oppressive, oppressing heat.
 The white flashing sun in the smoke-blue sky
 Squinting your eyes, pours down heat.
 Smothering, suffocating when you're still
 Pressing closer and thicker and thicker and
 thicker
 'Til with a scream, you jump to escape
 And find a new torture. Sweat-trickles run
 Down your back and your arms and your legs,
 Making rivelets through the grime on your face
 Drowning your clothes 'til you discard them in
 agony.
 Crawl under a tree, hide in the bushes,
 But the smell of your animal body draws the
 heat
 From the leering white sun.
 Oh, pray for a cloud, beg for a drop of moisture,
 squirm
 for some wet on your swollen black tongue.
 We laugh.
 Drink your sweat, your blood.

THE RACE

Cathy Anderson, '68

*This hour is my own at last.
 I've run until my lungs, my heart
 Are bursting. Why I came so fast
 To reach this goal, to stay apart
 From all the other runners there . . .
 I'd win if I could understand.
 But here I am, alone to care
 What happens to me now. No man
 To make me do his will, no mind
 To make me do my own. But peace
 Like this is void. My soul's no more
 A hypocrite. I know this kind
 Of prizeless race is Hell. My death
 In-glory dream? A dying breath. . .*

HOW MUCH FURTHER?

Anne Paine, '67

*My mind crawls
 It was once elevated
 but now it grasps and struggles
 in empty air
 looks down, there is nothing
 looks up
 searches
 for a thought
 a guide
 Can't succumb
 must strive
 Something is there
 But how much further?*

AFTER ONCE

Jenny Tippens, '68

*They say you can look back; relive the joys
You felt in your brief once upon a time.
And feel the joy again, with happiness;
Without foreknowledge of the coming end.*

*But in my heart I wish I'd never felt
Your arm near mine, your eyes in fleeting gaze.
And our one moment screams and calls me
names
Each time that I remember all I hoped.*

*And memory will always stay so close
That I can never feel the joy again
With any other face or time or hope
Because you once were here.*

*You showed me that rare moment at the peak
Of all my knowledge of my striving dreams
For yours surpassed them all
And none will climb
Again so high.*

*With others, these things last for weeks or more;
But you were fleet and had no time for length.
And so I saw you in the flashing lights—
But calm, amused by everything you saw.*

*We're over now. I knew you at your best.
Perhaps if you had raged with all the rest
I'd not have cared. But you were different. Good
is often shortest with no time for thought.*

EXHAUSTION

Charleen McMurray, '68

*My eyes, they are weary,
My head, it droops.
I am becoming tired of
Chicken liver soup.*

THE COURTHOUSE

Mary Alice Bray, '67

The dust rises from the ground and lingers towards the main entrance. As the doors are opened it shifts and wanders throughout the building. It first lights upon the water fountain and hall bench and then with a graceful path brushes the mosaic tiles and waxy floors. Wavering up the steps, it approaches the offices. Slipping through the files, it dances into the tax records and land deeds. In a winding promenade it encaptures the desk and lamps. With a veil hand, it protects the building's slumber.

NIGHT

Elizabeth Partee, '69

*Far above Earth's fringe of
Trees, a bolt of velvet
Purple unfurls against the
Sky; and deep among the
Folds there lie a thousand
Tiny fires which kindle
'Neath the hand of some
Celestial Lamplighter
Who treads unseen to man.*

I HEAR YOU HOWLING

Maxine Elliott, '67

*I hear you howling at the full moon,
Growling at those who crowd my door,
Intent on chasing them all away
Your hot blood racing through your veins,
Your hair bristling on the back of your neck
With desire. Take care not to frighten me too
Locked in my room like a dog in heat.
Be insistent and soon, if you're patient
And bring me presents of gold and promises,
You may spring the lock and I'll let you in.
I'll make your wildest dreams come true
And break your fire-veined strength
With secret moves all my own.
The tiniest grooves in your flesh will respond,
And we'll lie in a panting pool of sweat
Hearing the mournful cry of the rest at your
good fortune.
But only—only if you swear you love me
Like the others.*

ANOTHER FLIGHT

Paula Whitson, '69

*She flickered in and flickered out.
Black haired, elusive.
Without conclusive
evidence that when you surmised
there was more to me than met
the eye,
you were right.
This round-eyed girl, who on
occasional fleetfoots
flew through
to throw a black balloon you
were supposed to try
to blow but didn't know to
has flown for good.
Leaving only the tracks of
a measured dance
'round our romance,
taking me with her.*

ORAL TALE

Cynthia Stow, '67

*Rob in hood came
Out of the night and
Asked a sweet young
Maid to dance some
So they danced some while
Then a break was on and
Then he took off in
To the west sun not
Quite saving the day*

LIFE IS LIKE A DREAM

Vicki Wagner, '68

*Once I would soar high into the sky,
Stopping only to scale the depths of the sea.
Once I lived in a castle, with a freckled-faced
boy
As my king, and witches as my slaves.
I was a lost child,
Alone, except for my friend who was also lost.
Together we braved the terrors of the night,
And the monsters of the day.
We rode on a winged horse, and
Had gay conversations with the North Wind.
But now I am older—and not given to dreams
anymore.*

THE ROCK

Susie Andrews, '70

Blood
 Gushing blood
 Red, gushing blood
 Blood gushing from my brother's head
 There was a rock.
 It is now stained with blood.
 My brother's blood.
 He cried!
 He woke me.
 Now he is lying there,
 Covered with blood.



NO. 13

Judy Dustin, '69

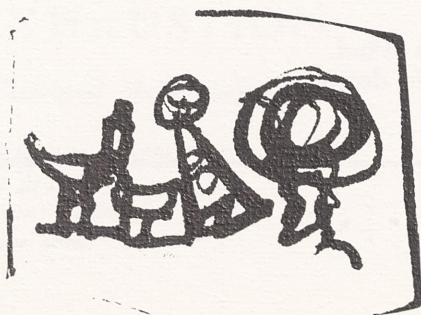
Sharp pains cut at the creature's lungs
 as he struggled in vain to free himself.
 Furry legs sought support but found none
 on the bowl's slick, shiny sides.
 Enormous black eyes rolled about wildly
 at floating vegetables, while the
 thick liquid slowly pulled him down;
 To fill his lungs with a cheap exchange,
 that of soup for air, and offer the
 sweet drowsiness of death.
 To a small green fly!

ALARM

Carol Gingles, '68

The lights go out . . .
 The luminous face of the clock
 Unveils itself in the dark.
 Each sleepless minute turns to hours.
 The tick is like a heart's throb,
 And as I lie awake,
 It grows louder, and louder
 AND LOUDER UNTIL MY HEAD POUNDS
 AND ITS HANDS REACH OUT FOR ME
 AND I SCREAM BUT NO ONE HEARS ME
 AND I MUST BE GOING OUT OF MY MIND!

But then . . .
 The luminous face of the clock
 Hears my screams, and like them, dies.
 The throb grows slowly faint, then . . .
 Sleep, the clock is dead.



A TRIP

Jean Williams, '67

Swirling masses of blue and red,
 With purple standing still,
 Form the crown above my head
 That makes me king.
 I live in a kingdom of rugs;
 Bowing below my feet,
 They flap in time to my lifted finger,
 And blow their dust in my face.
 The force of years beating my back,
 The despair of time slapping my face;
 My crown tilts but it does not fall.
 Into my safe corner I crawl;
 My arms and legs contract;
 I shrink before the mouse.

SLIGHT BREEZE

Jenny Tippens, '68

*So furiously the leaves began to blow,
(I thought, as on my wooden floor I lay)
That all the leaves appeared to spin and flow
And green and yellow flickered, for the rays
Of sun began to vibrate high and low
To mock the wind and resolutely stay.
The tossing turned to rage, and then the slow
But yet increasing, gusting, maddening fray
Took force from heavy boughs to wrack the sky.
And though I thought so little of the tree
When there, across the lake it stood, I saw
The form completely wrenched, and wondered
why;
How one act is the cause for agony;
How turmoil causes disregard for law.
As one breeze moves a tree, and curses mar
A self, degrees of death become our fate.
And now the only refuge man can know
Is momentary, mental status quo.*



WHERE AM I?

Becky Osborn, '67

*Pushing away my ball and jacks
I lean back against the rock and
Unconsciously begin to whistle. The birds,
Enthralled by such a sweet melody,
Circle above me . . .
A cellophane child I was,
A pure and simple object of creation,
Evolved into a wrinkled, senile man.
I don't regret that I did not push
Harder, for I sit on the comfortable
Hill without fatigue of life and smile.
Into the sky, I climb the stairway I have
Always known was there for mediocres who
Realize the futility of trying.
I enter through the brilliant and
Luminous gates and am exhilarated until
The flames begin to burn my feet, and
Sweat rolls down my face.*

ESCAPE

Mary Pickens, '67

*She sat as the sunlight hung around;
Head-bowed she stared out her window-door
As the liquid heart beat against the shore
And spurted salt-spray on the rocks.*

*There were several gulls today
and they fed on fish—
The little ones were fighting,
but the sun didn't see the rumble on the
rocks below
The dust can float on sunlight;
here in the room it settles and covers
the window from the top of the door
covers the window, the door . . .
She sat as the sunlight hung around
Head-bowed she stared out her prison-door.
Then the liquid heart bled sanguine-salt
And washed the shore
Where the little ones were fighting.*

THAT'S THE WAY BOYS ARE

Anne Beach, '68

Penny Weaver disgustedly kicked off her loafers and sprawled out on her stomach across her bed. It was already half-past seven and she hadn't begun her homework; she groaned aloud when she remembered the Latin test tomorrow. There lay her schoolbooks frowning menacingly at her from atop her desk. She reached for her Latin book, and began flipping through the pages. But her mind would not cooperate—ablative absolutes and gerunds just would not participate in her natural train of thought.

As her mind drifted away, she thought about this afternoon which she had spent helping to decorate the gym for the big annual Pine Ridge High School dance. The decorating committee had done a pretty good job; here it was, only the Wednesday before the dance and the crepe-paper was strung on the ceiling, and the backdrops had already been set up. It was going to be a gorgeous dance: there would be a whole evening of dancing and eating and talking with friends. It was a little ironic, Penny thought, that she, the chairman of the decorating committee, would not be going.

She rolled over on her back and examined the cracks in the ceiling. Naturally she wanted very much to go. It wasn't as if she didn't like being with other people; it was just that no boy had yet shown a sign of asking her to be his date for the dance.

Of course, there was the date committee—that abominable set-up for arranging blind dates, which most kids used only as a last resort. Penny had already turned her hopes to the committee. She had put her name on the list, knowing well she would be paired with some skinny, myopic bookworm, for that was the only kind of boy who would have to resort to the committee to get him a date. But, reasoned Penny, it would be better to go and be recognized than to stay home.

Her mind snapped back to reality when she heard a knock at her door and her mother entered the room, delivering a neatly folded stack of clean clothes.

"Put these away as soon as you get your homework done," she said, handing them to Penny. "Got much to do tonight?"

"Yeah, I've got a Latin test tomorrow." Penny twiddled her pencil in her fingers. "Mother, I put my name on the date committee list today."

"Oh, Penny, I thought you'd decided not to go." There was obvious concern in her voice.

"I made up my mind last night. I've got a pretty good friend on the committee. You know

her. She's Judge Parker's daughter. Maybe she can help."

"I don't know, Penny. I don't think you ought to do it this way," returned her mother. It won't be much fun."

Penny sat up and leaned on one elbow. "I've thought about it a lot, mother. I know what I'm doing."

The next day, all Penny's study halls and most of the lunch hour were devoted to the decorating of the gym. The school was aglow in the anticipation of the big dance. As she walked down the halls between classes, Penny overheard snatches of excited conversations about the big Saturday night. But thoughts of the dance left her cold. It was void of any promise, and she felt a dull ache at the bottom of her stomach just to think of it.

That night, while Penny was laboring over a geometry theorem, the telephone rang. It was a boy, and although she was certain she had heard his voice before, she couldn't place him.

"Penny?," he asked. "Well, this is Tom Williams."

Her heart beat faster as she realized who he was. "Of course," she thought. "He's the tall, quiet guy—vice-president of the Art Club." She remembered he'd spoken to her several times; they'd worked on an art project together once.

"I wondered if you like to go to the dance with me Saturday night. I'm sorry I didn't call sooner, but . . ."

"I'd love to, Tom, but I think I've got a date already through the date committee. I'm not sure, though. I could call up and cancel it."

"I tell you, Penny," he broke in. "Why don't you let me call and tell the committee that you've already got a date with me. They won't mind."

"But I hate to let them down."

"No 'but's'. It's all set, then. Don't worry about a thing."

"Okay," she laughed.

"I'll pick you up at 7:00," he said.

"Great! Thank you, Tom."

There was a click of the receiver as he hung up. Penny sat for a few moments listening to the dial tone and trying to believe it was really true. Now she could remember Tom so well.

Saturday afternoon, the Weaver household was in turmoil. Mrs. Weaver rushed off to have the shoes dyed. The dress had to be hemmed, and Penny needed her advice about what jewelry to wear. The little family French poodle was racing up and down the stairs at the heels of Mrs. Weaver; Penny herself was under the hairdryer, polishing her nails. Dr. Weaver retired to his den to the football game and the newspaper after making several futile attempts at conversation with his wife. He never could

understand women, anyway.

Penny's excitement reverted to apprehension as the afternoon grew older. Her hands trembled a little as she put on her lipstick. Carefully, she combed her long, brown hair into a soft flip, slipped on her dress, and misted herself with her favorite perfume. Finally, she stepped back to survey herself. No wonder she had to resort to the date committee, she thought. Her mouth was too little; and her nose was crooked just a bit—it had been that way ever since she had been hit with a baseball bat in the fourth grade. She decided that her eyes were the only pretty thing about her. They were large and deep brown, and fringed with long, curly lashes which accentuated their size.

When Tom came at 7:00, she was ready. He looked like a dream. Maybe he was a little shy at first; maybe his hands were a little clumsy as he tried to help her pin the corsage on her dress. But Penny immediately fell for his sparkling blue eyes and his lop-sided grin, and the genuine politeness with which he met her parents.

When they got to Pine Ridge, the gym was already crowded with people. Girls stood in groups laughing and communicating the latest gossip, holding their dates securely by the hand. The boys faithfully followed the girls around the circles, listening to the meaningless prattle, and proudly eyeing their dates. Occupying the seats around the gym were the results of the date committee: shy, self-conscious boys trying desperately to think of something to say to their shy, self-conscious dates. Penny smiled to herself. She could very well have been one of them, if it weren't for Tom. She looked at him, and flashed him a knowing smile.

He grinned, glancing around the gym, "Say, you did a terrific job on the decorations."

"It took a lot of work, I'll say that. But it was loads of fun."

The combo began beating out the first measures of the first tune. It was a good, swinging song, and the people began to pair off and dance. Tom led Penny out on the floor where they joined the others. The combo was good. In no time at all the gym was stifling hot. Hundreds of kids were swinging to the beat, and there was a common feeling of liberation and fun in the air.

Tom was good at dancing. He looked as if he were enjoying himself, and his pleasure was contagious. Penny's self-confidence returned; between songs their conversation flowed easily. During intermission, when he asked if he could get her something to drink, she gratefully nodded her assent, and he headed off through the mass of people for the refreshment table. She was glad to be alone for a few minutes to think

over her good luck. Suddenly, she became aware of voices behind her.

"Did you see Tom Williams? He's here tonight," said one girl.

"Boy, I sure did," said another. "He's darling. He's got a date with Penny What's-her-name."

"That's pretty nice of him," returned the first voice, "to bring her tonight. The date committee asked him to do it, y'know."

Penny felt as if she's been hit by a two-ton truck. So that's it, she thought. "The only reason he brought me here was because the committee asked him to." A surge of anger rose through her. Then she remembered his offer to cancel the date arranged for her by the committee.

He was making his way back to her now, carrying a coke in each hand.

"Here you go," he said, handing her one of the drinks. She murmured a thank-you.

"Tom, can I talk to you for a minute?" Just as he said it the combo announced the end of intermission by breaking into one of those exotic new British songs.

"Come on, let's dance," he said, putting down his drink and leading her out to the dance floor. After the song, the fast beat slowed down and settled into a slower tune. Tom smiled at her and pulled her close to him.

"Tom," she breathed, "I've found out what the deal is. You were leading me on . . ."

"You sure smell good tonight," he broke in. "What's that perfume you've got on?"

She drew back and eyed him suspiciously. "Chanel. But you were pretty mean to let me think . . ."

"You have got the most beautiful nose. Did you know it's a little crooked?" he said, studying it carefully.

"Tom, you listen to me. I heard two girls talking about how you just brought me because . . ."

"Say, Penny," he interrupted, as if she hadn't said a word. "My fraternity's having a Christmas formal next month . . ." He was smiling down at her.

"Yes?" she whispered.

"Maybe you'd like to go—with me."



PAGAN

Sheri Anglea, '70

Crossed legs
sit
Arms outstretched
with palms
Pink turned upward
in
Front of
me.
Ignorant eyes
stand
Out against
black skin.
Go
away!
I fear God.
You bow to
wood.
You are
a
Pagan.

RHETORICAL

Anne Sanders, '68

Why do so many questions go unanswered?
Why, when one question is answered, do ten
more arise?
Why does age thwart sensitivity?
And why are so many injustices never avenged?
Why will so many hearts never be touched by
love,
when there is so much given to so very few?
Why are we born ignorant of life, only to die
ignorant;
And why do we live just long enough to discover
how ignorant we really are, and
that we don't have time left to change it?
Why are we given so little time to seek
When there is so much to find?

NUMBER 3

Coco Dale, '67

Sweet flower-fragrance in the saturated air,
And organ sounds rolled around
The warm moist room.
A grey girl in white (which she had no right to
wear)
Caught the hand of a stranger
Whose wide spaniel eyes glanced away after a
frightened moment.
And the grinning man in black made a crooked-
cross sign
Over their cowed heads
And when the organ roared and their eyes grew
dim
We saw them smiling.

CHRISTIANITY

Jane Peeler, '69

I possessed a rainbow whose
color was gray.
And then I met God.
Now my rainbow is painted
white, blue and black.
He has painted it a mixture
of joy, truth and death.
And with His brush I'm to
paint the universe.
Life may be more complex
with colors,
But they give off such a
wonderful light.
What color is your rainbow?
Gray.

SUMMER

Lynda LeRoue, '70

Summer,
Forever lost—
My dead leaves are falling,
The winter snow covers our sin;
Spring comes.

AFTER MIDNIGHT

Fondé Thompson, '68

*It's after midnight,
But I don't care.
Gosh, we've done a lot together,
Just you and
I, together.
Together. Us
And that's all I can remember:
Our fantasy-filled dream world since
Always.
And before there was you,
What was there?
Blurr.
I only started living yesterday.
Kiss me.*

GRAY SNOW

Fondé Thompson, '68

*I cannot see beyond the swirling mass
Of gray that seems to wrap itself around
Me. All is pearly soft and dim like glass
That's cloudy, stained with age. I miss the sound
Of children's laughter, gay in frolic in
The snow. And why no glisten on the hills,
No sparkling glitter swirls as whirl winds spin
Fantastic patterns in the sunlight: frills
And lace in the icy threads? The sun is gone.
A shiver chills me through. My frozen ears
Are numb, but in my longing heart lives on
The memory of pleasant childhood years.
I seek to find that blissful joy we lost.
We're children, now grown-up at pleasure's cost.*



*j t n j t m p n
t l l j l n m m*

SOMEDAY

Vicki Wagner, '68

*My life revolves like a circle,
An infinite pattern that I cannot break.
Someday I will strike out,
I will grasp the moon, the stars, the sun,
The knowledge of centuries will be mine
Tomorrows will be yesterdays.*

*But, until that someday,
I will continue to move in my careful path,
Following always, safely behind.*

ISLAND SUNSET

Linde Bracey, '70

Settling lightly on the wooded island was the dusk. Shrouding the trees in a pearly grey cloak, it frosted the air with its mellow softness. The sand stood in dunes. Covering each were pine needles. The trees towered over the dunes, casting faint shadows on the deer which were rummaging through the fallen pine cones. Like freckles on cheeks, they were scattered over the damp, sandy earth. Spikey ferns lined the edge of the still pool in which was reflected the spectral moss draping across tree boughs. A twig snapped. The deer became poised statues. Floating on the air was a muffled humming which broke the lull. The supple creatures bounded away over the smooth knolls of sand and scraggly baby pines, leaving silence once more to reign supreme over the rustic paradise mirrored in the murky depths of the bottomless pool.

AN ACT OF GOD

Becky Osborn, '67

*The clomping of the elephants as they go
Stomping through the village although
Natives stand in the way
Is heard by all around.
Their battle cry is loud and shrill
Breaks the ice of a night once still
Even if dead bodies
Are strewn upon the ground.
Still the martyrs go wild
Life-death barter for the child
To let them live or die
Upon the mother.
And the shrieks of the alarm
Death fume leaks the crushing harm.
And they die on devil's arm
Of no other.
And the tusk of the great beast
Tears the dusk from night diseased
And daybreak comes to stare
On the blood so dry.
And the call of gobbler's mates
Springs from hell's unearthly gates
As the vultures swoop down to
Ground from clear blue sky.
Limbs torn in tangled mass
Hunting horn amid tall grass
Clean-picked bones afford a
Warning to all men.
A dead and dreary village
Not to dread more angry pillage
Taken by the God
Who saw the natives sin.*

ATTEMPT

Fondé Thompson, '68

*That shadow over your face
Makes me ask what's wrong.
The hurt look in your tired eyes
Draws me closer, questioning still.
The frown, the worry,
I try to smooth away with a caress,
But pained silence that even
Love cannot penetrate
Overwhelms me.
Unburden your crying heart, lover.
Let me share the pain—
But, no.
I can only sit and
Shed the tears you need to cry,
Helpless.*

UNTITLED 1

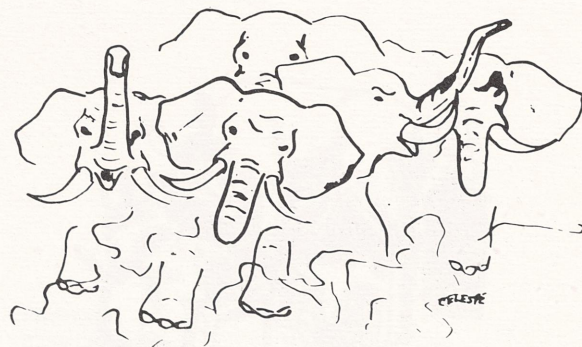
Cynthia Stow, '67

*There she is
getting beautiful, and for someone
she doesn't even know.
Here I am telling her
all about him,
Trying to remember and forget
the little things,
So that she will be all up and up,
And then downed hard.*

LITTLE SAMMY

Sheri Anglea, '70

*Little boy
Big world
Shooting men he doesn't understand.
Toy guns
Falling bomb
Ten thousand dead today
A few more die tomorrow.
Napalm
Drop it here
Spray it there
Listen to the screams
Gun blast
Bullets fly
Must be their turn now.
Jump, run
Eat your lunch
See your buddy die.*



BEGGAR

Dorothy Keenan, '70

Why do you sit there in my way?
You don't belong here.
Do your eyes see the pity and revulsion
I feel when I look at you
With your nub for a leg and bleary eyes?
I don't see you sitting in front of me;
I will walk on by.
Your outstretched palm and
Mumbling lips grate on my nerves.
Are you cold, beggar—sitting
There in patched and faded denim?
I stumble on your stick-like crutch;
It clatters on cold pavement.
It's too late; I have stopped now;
I'm obligated to give you something.
I reached into my silk-lined purse,
Pulling out a coin.
In my hurry to get away
I drop it on the wet sidewalk.
It is not silver; it will not ring.
I put it in your quivering palm—
Wrinkled hands on a shiny coin.
You hand me a pencil, No. 1 lead,
Bright and orange.
I have had enough; I am sick;
I must get away.
I hurry on through the rain,
Clutching my coat to me,
Trying to warm a cold heart.

NURSERY RHYME

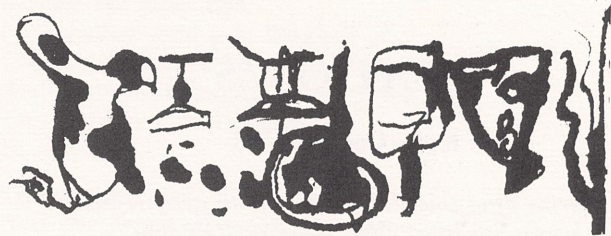
Monty Blue, '67

Steppity! Steppity! Step! We stride!
Sidewalk stept behind!
Skippity! Skippity! Skip! We skip!
Fingers tight entwined!
Slippity! Slippity! Slip! We slide!
We glance at those around!
Clickety! Clickety! Click! We clack!
We snear at the poet! The clown!
Smockity! Smockity! Smock! We pad
And say Hi! to all of our friends.
Clunkity . . . Clunkity . . . Clunk . . . we pace
Where—the—hell are we?

LOST IN A CAVE

Grace Paine, '70

I was afraid, lost in a cave. My eyes lifted to
the towering ceiling above me. Piercing daggers
of faint light from the ceiling sliced the darkness.
I could see the damp, colorless, cell walls which
surrounded and locked me in my dungeon.
Hundreds of silent, marble people stared at me.
Some of their faces glistened, devilishly grinning
and laughing at me. Others stood in darkness,
somber as death itself. Ahead of me there was
a dark, deadly still pool of water. And there
at my feet, I saw the shimmering bones of
another person, a person lost in a cave.



A COCKTAIL PARTY

Jean Williams, '67

Balloons, balloons,
Red and yellow, blue and red,
Yellow and blue; green.

Dizzy hats, fizzy hats,
With feathers, tassels, and chin rubber bands
That break when they expand.

Here's your chalk, grab a stool;
The game today is the golden rule.

Pop!
Stop!
Put the cork back in.
Mount your chair and blink your eyes
Then blow the gun again.

Spin around the home free ground,
And count to a hundred and ten.

Around,
Around,
Around,
Around . . .
"London Bridge is falling down."

DANGER

Nena Couch, '68

*That section of the road was slick and wet.
The curve ahead was hidden by a veil.
And rhythmically red flashed, a siren wailed
In mourning for the two cars that there met.
The bodies had reclined in blood and sweat;
They lay grotesquely sprawled, silent and pale.
Two metal corpses, strong and yet so frail—
Thus none were left to feel pain or regret.
But no memorial marker stands today.
The dented fence and post have been repaired.
The road is safe where it is dry and straight.
But rain and wind conspire in every way.
A mist falls, hiding signs that say beware,
And hidden, wet, the same curve lies in wait.*

SHADOWS

Kate Cooper, '68

*His arms fling toward the clouds in grim release;
His knotted fingers clench the molten sky;
The passing darkness, with a somber sigh
Does slip into his clutches, grudging peace.
He tensely holds the night with gentle fear
Until the dawn bursts forth in full array;
The brilliance of such light he must obey.
So tenderly he looses darkness dear.*

*Like this tree, the darkness shadows me;
For you, my night, most surely do not know
That visions of you through my mind do hum,
And thoughts of losing you to me would be
Too great. I wish that you would never go;
I only hope that dawn will never come.*

TWIRL ROUND AROUND

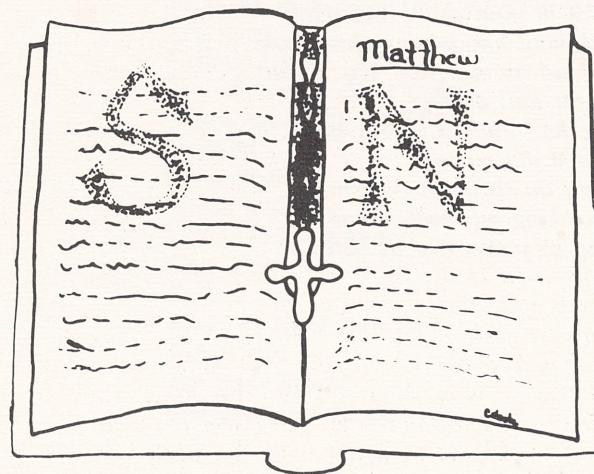
Janice Farringer, '67

*Twirl round around
Untwist your life
See candy, claws, cliffs, and falls
A blurr of wonderous dreams to be remade
tomorrow
Twirl round around
Lose your mind and find a dizzy glimpse of soul.
Catch the moment
Think in endless time.*

THE SCALES OF EXTREMES

Becky Osborn, '67

*We came upon a Bible-book
So lily-white and pure that although
We tried to learn and act according
To the word, we could not.
We then opened up a black-sins book
And saw the things we loved,
So we raved and gave our
Pagan dance a chance to fill our
Hearts with lust, our minds with filth.
Perhaps the sun shone too brightly
On the still lake, for our reflections
Showed us the exaggerated self-concerns.
So we calmed down and got out
Guttenburg's machine and began to
Write a mediocre grey-book with
Lily-white aspirations slightly
Outweighing the black hooray*



SNOW

Pem Covington, '70

What beauty we do behold on the ground
which before was only barren.

What magnificence of God we, only humans,
are allowed to touch and feel.

Snow is pure and white and clean until we,
the humans, destroy it with our eager hands,
the hands with which we make machines.

Machines make us forget the beauty which
we can behold and only let us remember that
we too are machines which must never pause,
but continually work toward our ultimate goal.

This, for some, is money and fame.

But as for me, I'd rather leave the snow as
it is.

REFLECTIONS ON A DOGHOUSE

Anne Beach, '68

I'm the kid sister of the family, and even though I have just turned sixteen, I get bossed around considerably by my mother and father and two older sisters. Naturally, in this sort of situation, I have always found it necessary to defend myself in some way or other. Several years ago, after dozens of ineffectual methods, I finally found what I had longed for: a sanctuary from the brutal badgering of my sisters. Actually, now that I think about it, they weren't so terribly brutal—maybe just a little formidable now and then when they discovered smears of peanut butter in their diaries.

My place of refuge, then, was the doghouse—not in it, although when I was a kid I used to be able to twist myself into it—but on it, for I found it much more comfortable and desirable to sit on the roof. I remember that when the clock struck nine on school nights, and I felt I just couldn't go on with the homework, I would sneak out of the house and stealthily creep out in the back yard, where I would hop on the roof of the doghouse. My parents never would have let me go if they'd known, since I'm so susceptible to colds. I enjoyed it all the more. My dog understood me; he never gave my secret away. For that matter, I'm not so sure that he knew himself, since he slept so soundly. He's a watch dog, you know.

So there I would sit, just like Snoopy, perched on top of the old doghouse. I thought it was wonderful. I was sheltered by the black old pine tree whose branches hovered over my head, and I was able to look out over the back yard in its dark eeriness with the familiar row of poplars looking like banshees nodding in the wind. But somehow I could never be afraid. I liked the lonely feeling that entered me when I sat there—I was ready to be lonely, for other people confused me and often I couldn't find myself when they were near me. On top of that old house I could sit and throw my head back and stare out at the stars and free my imprisoned emotions without inhibition. I could think out those million and one troubles of mine, and if I wanted to pore over some cherished memory step by step, I could.

If a storm was blowing up, I liked it better; I liked to smell the rain coming on and feel the first drops trickle down my forehead. I felt free and exhilarated in waiting for a storm.

I guess now that I'm sixteen, I have less time for sitting on that doghouse and more and more need to do it. I have fewer brawls with my

sisters now, its true—they've outgrown such things. But other more spiritual turmoils have begun to grow in me instead. And maybe that old house knows, and understands that I don't have the time for it anymore. I went out to visit it last night, and the roof was hidden under thick over-grown pine branches.

I REMEMBER

Sarah Naylor, '70

*I remember you, standing there,
Telling me good bye.
I remember how you laughed at
The wind when it blew my skirt,
And how your laughing eyes tried
To carress my tears away.
In vain.*

*Those same eyes once loved me
And the feet that carry you away
Were once wings that delivered you to me
safely.*

*I remember when that broad shoulder
Would shield me from sorrow,
Now it smothers happiness.*

*I remember you, standing there,
Telling me good bye.*

RECOLLECTION

Betsy Campbell, '68

*Golden sunlight
Sifting through new green
And royal purple.
I blink,
And find myself
Longing,
Catch my thoughts
Wandering
Back to the spring
Of four footprints in
This dusty road—
Instead of only
Two.*

SEMIPRECIOUS

SILENCE

Carol Gingles, '68

*The world without . . . a jewelled night,
Cooled blue crystals, frozen gems;
The earth: a sheet of cut glass
With sharp, biting edges;
Each light, suspended like some bauble,
Burns through the frozen mass;
A pulsating glow, melting the earth,
Dissolving the ornaments.*

FUNERAL

Rachel Steele, '70

*The leaves are dead,
Earth is grey with grief;
Heaven's icy tears
Fall over the drab ground.
The dead met their end
In a blaze of color.
A gust of wind
Took their dancing lives.
Now naked and black
The limbs pierce the sky like evil fingers.
. . . the leaves are dead
Earth is grey with grief.*

CAT

Janice Farringer, '67

*Very well, you cat there sitting
If you wish to be not sitting
on my golden pillow, splashed with
perfumed roses,
Go.
See the country round about
Eat the grass, swipe the flowers
No one will care, cat.
Be yourself—
then
Come take your place again in the hollow of the
pillow
I've kept warm here with my hand.*

NOVEMBER, 1966

Cathy Anderson, '68

*The trysting hour—
That golden thread of memory and promise
Weaves its way among the duller fibers of my
mind,
Lighting the patched and ravelled quilt of my
sorrow,
So that the frayed, uncolored parts
Are hidden
For a while.*

SMALL BITTER

Genevieve Lewis Steele, '67

*Peter Pan, gay Thief of children's souls
Steal mine, and take it far away—
Some blue lagoon where never treads
Place, position, or dignity.*

I stood among the girls last night and sang with them a song we'd shared. I wanted so much to be just one of them—but I was older (one short year) and my job required some distance from them, some discipline over these girls, my friends. And so I was apart . . .

I stood and watched my brother's friends, chasing the girls who ran like banners, not even trying to be caught. I wanted so much to run like that—with a camera's bright blurred eye, seeing only before me—but if I had tried, I would have been aware of my own image in watcher's eyes, and awareness leads to dishonesty.

*So many places I have been
I cannot return. (Some dark and bitter—
I remember these too.)*

*I fear the future whose past is my present
I see too clearly what I now enjoy—*

I stand and watch my elders as they watch us and I see longing in their eyes. To join us freely—but they can't. They hide in humor, philosophy and worth, and turn resigned to what they have. Well-adjusted, they call them, but still I pity their longing.

*Duty is a salesman in a cheap store jacket
Who holds the past as barter for the future
But we can yout him! Old Pan and I,
We have no wish for his stale wares,
We've an adventure or two, 'round the
bend—*

It's no use. Around my bend is nothing I want to find.

SENIOR CLASS POEM, 1966-67

It wasn't always on the surface, you know—
It wasn't always visible—and
We couldn't always all grasp it—yet
 sometimes
 in some of us
There was this feeling, this sense of Something
Whole
 among the tests and dates and clothes
 and hair and all the many meetings
 between the clocks and bells and calendars . . .

We found Unity.

And having Found and Bound it with a name
It disappeared.

We obscured it with
 our colleges and cliques
 our week-end calamities
 our non-conformist clichés

We destroyed it with
 our vanity
 our victory-song
 our boasting

Now—at last—the time has gone
Our time has come
 and the white roses are very very gay.
It won't matter whether
 we strut or stumble across the stage
Whether
 we laugh or cry at parting no
 matter at all

We go.

 To the long summer and the short years ahead
 When we'll see
How much of our Word remains
How Whole we are, apart.

—Coco Dale, Genevieve Steele

